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VOL. 23.

PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1881.

NO. 21.

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Bly & Sell Horacs on Commission "Not a word, mind, to Dinah Ann!"
Dinah Ann herself, the speaker's wife, having strolled down the garden in the sweet stillness of the summer night,

What the Legislature Will Do!

BUT

It may pass Laws from now ! til the end of its Term w thout Benefitting the People

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OWEN CALLAHAN

TO THEONE. BT MRS 2. V. H. MOOMA. When from life's full and prosy care when from life's dull and prosy care
My weary spirit turns
In quest of holier rest elsewhers.
For love like that which burns
Within my own heart, then I qual
From the fount of postry
Full many a fresh, nectarian draft,
Theone, and think of thee.
Because I feel thy soul hath felt
Its sweet, entrancing rower.

Theone, and think of these course I feel thy soul hath felt. Its sweet, entrancing power, lefore its shrine that thou hast knelt. At twilight's holy hour, and, while thy spirit upward soared. In deep devotion there, To God thou's hymned iny praise and poured. The heart in fervent prayer.

That thou hast, in life's knely hours, Off wandered forth and wreathed. Fresh flowers from thought's ambrorial bowe. And sweet aroma breathed. From all the nectured dews that shine. Upon life's flowery shore, And felt that none but hands divine. Such bairty drops could pour. That thou hast needed lovingly. On nature's wooing breast, and felt while there a sanctity, A peaceful, quiet rest. That nothing else, no other place, To thee could ever give;

Nor fill thy thirsting heart with life. Twere heaven on earth to live. In deep and prayerful tenderness. My heart goes forth to thee;
Thy faith and love sang gentleness. Are full of poetry. Though severed here no more to meet. This faith and love has gentleness. Are full of poetry.

Though severed here no more to meet. This faith and love has gentleness. Are full of poetry.

Though severed here no more to startly the life within the lift trust thy love and thes. Nor doubt a heart like titine;

Fill pray for thee, pray thou for me, Theone, and trust thou mine.

THE HUSBAND'S SECRET.

sweet stillness of the summer night, heard these suggestive words as the gig pulled up at the gate, and her husband descended from it. She was a pleasing little woman of seven or eight and thirty, with dark brown eyes, a bright, fresh face, and a natural propensity to take her own way, in the house and out of it. Drawing back from the gate behind the well-kept hawthorn hedge, she waited for what was to come next. for what was to come next, "Not a word, for your life, mind, to

"No fear !" replied a voice, which she recognized as that of her brother, Harry Loete; "I know what women are. She'd be for—for revolutionizing the house, and herself too, once let her get an inkling of this. No fear, James! Take care, on your side, that you don't lose that on your side, that you don't lose that-"I'll take care. When are you coming to smoke a quiet pipe with me? I shall want your advice as to—"
"One of these evenings," interrupted the lawyer, as he drove up the lane.
"Good-night!"

James Harbury, substantial farmer and agriculturist, came through the gate, and turned to fasten it. Had he turned the other way, to the left instead of to standing against the hedge as close as she could stand, almost into it. He did not see her, and went straight up the path to the house. When his foot-steps had died away, Mrs. Harbury wound her light summer gown over her black silk est the cap should fly off, and ran swift up the narrow sidewalk, got round to the back, went through the house, let drop her gown, and entered the sitting-room, all calmly, nearly as soon as her hus-

"Got back !" she exclaimed, with quite a look of surprise,

"Just come," replied the farmer;

"Harry drove me in his gig."

"What brings Harry up here in his gig at this time? And why did you not come back with Hall?" inquired Mrs.

Harbury, who liked to be at the begin-

ning and the end of everything.

"Harry had to come," said the farmer, who seemed to be walking about rather restlessly—and who never thought of such a thing as refusing to astisty his wife's questions. "He got a message from the Down Farm, to go over there without loss of time. I thought I might as well come up with him, Dinah Ann. As to Hall, I left him stuck in the tap-room of the Tawny Lion; he didn't order his gig to be ready before 10 o'clock."

"Just Like Peter Hall! You'd have taken the reins yourself, James, I reckon, had you come back with him."

"Oh, he'll not cot as bad as all that! "Oh, he'll not got as bad as all that!

"What a dreadful thing!" exclaimed
Dinal Ann, who had a feeling heart with
all her curiosity.
"Ay, 'tis. I think I'd like a snack of "Ay, 'tis. I think I'd like a snack of cold beef, Dinah Ann, though it is late. I got talking to your brother in his office, and missed my tea, so I've had nothing since I o'clock dinner. While Probe puts it I'll just go and take a look at White Bess.

Give her a look."

He took up his hat, which still lay on the table, and went out. Mrs. Harbury's eyes followed him; they were full of speculation, and her mind, also.

"I should not at all wonder, Ja but Emma Land has come back and "May be. Two or three years we heard she was married out there—"Who heard it? Who said it?"

"I know I heard it?" "I don't believe he is gone to look at the mare," soliloquised she. "He'd not disturb her; now he hears she is all right. And how absent and fidgety he seemed! There is to look at quite well. But as to who said it, I forget that—your brother, I think. That she had married a cousin."

"Oh! not that that's unlikely for

giving her orders to Pheeo about resumed her annual supper-tray, she caught up an old water unpleasant reverie. sage, threw it on to hide her light dress, and crept out after her husband. It was a very light and beautiful night; in fact

A which is one of the finest in the was a. It is summed five miles northwest of Fayettee set in the was a. It is summed five miles northwest of Fayettee set in the was and it is not market of the finest in the was a leading out from Fayettee ville, and not some a month of the relative and now being built from Petersburg to Fayettee ville. It contains

470 A CRES.

BOOT & Shoe Maker, And between two pixes in the was a leading out from Fayettee ville. It contains

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four, its lawyer—Harry Losse; all three of
them boing nearly as simple as the
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7. I'll be even with you, Mr. James," This Thursday was market day. James Harbury had gone to it in the gig of a nodded she.
brother farmer, Peter Hall, his own The sun wa mare, which he either rode or drove again and ro generally, being sick. He was a tall, slender man of 39 years, very fair, with exceedingly handsome features and mild blue eyes, looking as unlike the popular notion of a farmer as a man could look, and presenting a marked contract to his mark was forand presenting a marked contrast to his agricultural neighbors. So far as appearance went none of them, poor or used for any purpose whatever, or en-tered by anybody from month's end to month's end, Mr. Harbary naturally thought of fire. He rushed to it like a rich, could vie with James Harbury, and his temper and his bearing were alike

He had one fault, though, perhaps, all people would not call it a fault, love of money. That he was one of the "warmest" farmers in the district was universally believed, and the most saving of men. Too saving, his wife would | death, James Harbury made one frantic tell him, and where was the use of it, she would ask, considering she had neither chick nor child? And every now and then she would make the money fly, for she was a dear lover of smart attire, and of having pretty things about her. James would winee, and bid her "Good heavens!" exclaimed Dinah

fact had lain a sharp sting. They had been married eight years now, and the sting was wearing itself away. Time softens all things. He had never given her cause for an unhappy thought until to-night. He had never had any secrets from her, except that he never could be brought to tell her what the exact sum was that he was enabled to put by at the end of each year. Dinah Ann Harbury did not care for that; she knew that, however much it might be, it was all for

terious secret which had come to her

"Neither chick nor child." In that

hearing to-night. She knew how goodlooking James was; how universally he was liked by man and by woman, and what a kind heart he had—she put it been burnt up in it."

"Soft"—and something like jealousy

"It's everything to me," he faintly answered. "Five hundred pounds has been burnt up in it."

Rising up from the stool—and Dinah began to torment her spirit. When James came in again the sup-per-tray was at one end of the table, and Dinah Ann, an unusual light in her eyes, sat at the other end, near the lamp, having taken up her knitting. The farmer's general manner was easy and placid, though he had certainly seemed restless after leaving the gig, but now he was calm again.
"Well," she said, as he cut himself a slice of the cold boiled beef, "and how did you find White Bess?" "Oh, she seems comfortable," he re-

"You deceitful villain! You know you did not go near the stable," thought his wife. "You are sure you think so?" she added, aloud, "Aye. White Bess will be all herself again to-morrow, Dinah Ann. "It's more than I shall be," thought Dinah Ann, "unless I can come to the

plied, looking round for the mustard-

He ate his supper nearly in silence, like a man who is mentally procecupied. And he enjoyed it, too, for he was very now of that Emma Land?" James Harbury laid down his knife

and fork in surprise at the question, and looked across at his wife, whose face was bent over her knitting. "Did I ever hear anything of Emma Land?" he repeated. "What can make you ask that, Dinah Ann?" "What can make me ask it? I don't know. The query happened to come into my mind. Why should I not ask

"There's no sense in it—that I see." "But do you?" "Do I what?"

"Ever hear of her?" "Why, you know she went out towhere was it?-the West Indies, I think to her friends there ever so long ago. Nigh upon eight years it must be. You know she did, Dinah Ann." "But she may write from the West Indies. Perhaps she does. Does she He shook his head to imply a nega-tive, and occupied himself with his sup-per again. Emma Land had once upon a time been a somewhat-sore subject be-

tween them, for Dinah Ann was jealous But, I say, Dinah Ann, it's a sad thing about Partridge at the Down Farm. A day or two ago he went out with his hay-makers—and you know what a man he is to work when he does set about itgot into a heat, and drank a let of cold cider. It struck to him for death, they say; and Harry is gone to make his "Do I what?" in the old days. "You know. Emma Land."
"I can't think what has put all this into your head to-night, Dinah Ann.

"Bee her?" "Why, how could I see her?" re-turned he, in a sort of helpless tone

look at White Beas.

"White Beas is all right," said Mrg.
Harbury. "So much better that Evan
thinks you might have ridden her in today. No need to go and see her now."

"Better, is she? I should like to
give her a look."

"I don't know where she is. She's
there for all I know; and I'm sure it does
not matter."

"Ask no questions, and you'll hear
no stories, "thought his wife, quoting
the line familiar to her in her school-girl
days.

"I should not at all wonder, James,
but Emma fand has come back above."

but Emma Land has come back again. "May be. Two or three years ag

right. And how absent and fidgety he seemed! There is some mystery agate, and I should like to know what it is, I wonder whether—I should not think—no, I should not think he can have stolen out to meet some body," she concluded, her true dubicus in spite of the stress laid on the "not."

Stepping lightly into the kitchen and giving her orders to Pheebe about the supper-tray, she caught up an old water. she was ready to marry anybody. She'd have married you, you know. She laid "That's about true, I believe; but I reach his pipe Dinah Ann rang the bell, resumed her knitting, and fell into an

the fine nights of summer.

"For him to lose his tea," ran her thoughts, "of all things! It must be some uncommonly urgent business to induce James to forego a meal of any kind. I do wonder what servet they have between them. Not a word, for again," Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Harbury, quickly, as he came down again.

The sun was setting when he drove in again and round to the stable yard. Leaving his horse and gig with Evan, he was crossing to the house when his wash-house until the large one was built. As it was out of use now, was not in fact

In the fire-place under the furnace a fire blazed away, upon which more coal had recently been thrown. Whiter than move toward it, while a yell of what really seemed like terror broke from him. Another yell succeeded, and still another; then he collapsed utterly, and fell upon a low wooden stool in wild

be careful; but he never went the length of telling her she had spent too much. He was fond of her, and she of the world is the matter? Is it spasms, James? Let me run for the camphor."
"Camphor, indeed!" exclaimed the unhappy man. "Bring poison rather, Poison. You've ruined me."

"He's off his head," was her pitiable suggestion. "Let me rub you, James. Where is the pain? In the chest?" He flung his arms around in all direc-

tions, so that she could not get to his chest, or to any other part of him.
"Who lighted this fire?" he gasped. "Phobe lighted it. I ordered her. The flue in the proper wash-house has taken to smoking frightfully. The blankets are to be washed to-morrow, and will be put in soak to-night. what is the fire to you, James, that you should be put out about it?"

Rising up from the stool—and Dinah Ann wondered the creaky old thing had not come down with his weight-he hastened in-doors, sat down by the table, and buried his face upon it. She found him so, his face hidden in his hands: 'Now, James, just tell me what all this means—if you are not quite out of your senses. Come! I intend to know." "Yes, you may know it now," he said. lifting his face and its despair. "I had placed in the fireplace of that old furnace, in my old green pocketbook, £500 in bank notes. And—and—they are burned! They are burned, Dinah Ann!" Dinah Ann pansed. Where did the notes come from?"

From your brother-to me. A long while ago, years before I knew you, I lent a friend over £400. He ran away with it to Australia, and I lost my money, and set him down as a rogue. But he is not so dishonest as I thought him; he back again in London now, and last week he transmitted the debt and interest to your brother for me-£500. I brought the notes home the night Harry drove me here.' "And now just tell me, James, how

you could think of putting bank notes into such a place as a furnace fire-"I did it for safety. Nobody ever went in there, and the furnace was never "Safety! Was there not your bureau

up stairs in the bedroom ?" That's never locked. "Why, it's always locked." "Any way, the key is never taken out 'Ah! I see what it is, You were afraid I should see the money and want to spend it.'

"And so you would, Dinah Ann-a sum like that coming unexpectedly," he meekly rejoined. "Bonnets and frills, and fresh chairs and tables you'd not have known where to stop." "Well, I must say, James, you have been rightly served for your want of confidence. No husband ever has a concealment from his wife, if she's a good wife, but he's sure to be paid out. It is loss, though, £500."

He groaned.
"My business in Northam this afternoon was to consult with your brother about a good investment for it." "What's this?" asked she, placing before him the identical green case-

with the bank notes inside it. James gasped.
"Dinah Ann! My dear Dinah Ann!"
"Ah! it's my dear Dinah Ann now—
and where would you be without me? I have given you a good fright, however. Don't you conceal a thing from me

again, James."

"I don't think I will," he said. "How has it all come about?"

"Why, I have just been playing a little as well as you. I was at the gate last Thursday night, and heard what you said to Harry as you got out of the gig. It excited my suspicions and my curios-'But what did I say?" asked the farmer, really not remembering between the excitement of the past misery and the present happiness.

"Not a word, mind, to Dinah Ann. Not a word, for your life, mind, to Dinah Ann!"

How They Traveled in the Good Old Time.

In the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles II. of England was established the first turnpike-road where toll was taken, which intersected the counties of Hertford, Cambridge and Huntingdon. Until the middle of the middle of the eighteenth century, however, most of the merchandise conveyed from place to place was transported on pack-horses through short distances, Between distant places a cart was used, a pack-horse not being able to transport a sufficient quantity of goods to pay the cost of the journey. The common carrier between Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distance of Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required a fortnight for his journey, going and returning. In 1678 a coach for passengers between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles, was drawn by six horses, and the journey to and fro was completed in six days. In 1750 the coach took thirty-six hours to the journey. In 1849 the same route was made, by a route three miles longer, in one hour and a half! hour and a half! In the year 1763 there was but one

as, being of light weight and small bulk in proportion to their value, would allow a high rate of transport. Thus the charge from London to Leeds was at the rate of £13 a ton, being 13 d. per ton per mile. Between Liverpool and Manper mile. Between Liverpool and Manchester it was 40s. a ton, or 15d. per ton per mile. Between Liverpool and Manchester it was 40s. a ton, or 15d. per ton per mile. Heavy articles, such as coal and other materials, could only be available for commerce where their position favored transport by sea, and, consequently, many of the richest districts sequently, many of the richest districts of the kingdom remained upproductive.

A DREAD. BY MILTON E. MARRIA

I had a dream last night, my dear,
A pleasant dream of thee;
I thought we lived in a quigh home,
Bayond the crystal sea;
In a land where the air was very mild,
And it was was endless spring;
A land, too fair, it seemed, for earth
The land of which poets sing

sians prepare a beer from rye and call it

The primitive preadamite man, according to Prof. Winchell, lived in a country lying between the present Afribe picked up his hat and sauntered out African negro, but of dark leathern skin, nearly related to the primitive man than any other race. The black races now in

brown races. These are now found in the islands of the Pacific, and of them he Sandwich islanders are specimens, They crossed to the American continent nd their descendants are the Indians of North and South America, from Green-and to Patagonia, and, on the Asiatic Such is the power of personal attention continent, the Chinese, the Japanese, and discrimination.

Oh! for those moments of funcied biles.

To be again in that home,
Where all wes golden happiness,
And sorrow might never come!
I would by me down on the cold, damp gre
To-day, could I dream once more
That dream, and be again in that home
With thee, on that quiet shore!

Ah I the idea has a counterparti Somewhere, in the days which lay Before me, is the path which I go— This I have feet alway! Therefore I wait, with gladness, the time That I shall dwell with thee, In the home I saw within a dream, Across the beautiful see I.

We are prone to think of beer as confined, in respect to manufacture, to Europe and the United States. But many kinds of beer are made in other countries; indeed, it is a far more general drink than is commonly supposed. In South America the natives prepared and drank a beer obtained from corn (maize), and called chica, long before the Spaniards had gained a foothold there. The corn is moistened with water, allowed to sprout partially, and then dried in the sun. The malt so pre-We are prone to think of beer as conthen dried in the sun. The malt so properly partially, and then dried in the sun. The malt so properly partially, and set aside until fermentation has ceased. In the valleys of the Sierra corn malt (primitive and unpleasant) is chewed by the natives, and the chewed more let herself follow Richard of Bordeaux, but kept by the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was with music. The mocking bird whistled as if his throat would split, the oucker of the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was with music. The mocking bird whistled as if his throat would split, the oucker of the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was with music. The mocking bird whistled as if his throat would split, the oucker of the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was with music. The mocking bird whistled witnessed by thirty thousand men.—

Chronicles of Froissart.

Man a Langhlug Animal.

Man is said to be the only animal that morsel put in jars with hot water, when fermentation becomes more rapid. The chica beer is also produced from barley, that sounds like?" she said, as she

slopes of the Lower Himalayas, and picnic I've heard it from the mouth of a sand thousands meet with no sorrow for a yields beer known as murwa. The Bussiana propaga a beer from recognition or the bunghole of a beer keg."

| The days on which the propaga a beer from recognition or the bunghole of a beer keg."

can and Asiatic continents, and thence into the street, densely unconscious that he dispersed himself over the earth. he had said anything out of the way.

He was essentially a black man, as distinguished from the white man; not an like the native Australian races. The native Australian is inferior in structure and intelligence to the African negro; he falls as far below the negro as the negro below the white man, and is more He was idle, sat down, and let the sheep groes, the Australians and the Papuans, the latter of whom are dark-skinned and almost black, occupying New Guinea and some smaller islands north of Australians and the Papuans, was a murderer. He drove the sheep too hard. The best of the whole ten was a London pickpocket. In the exercise of his profession he had been observant,

armese, etc. 10 10 10

Beer as a Universal Beverage.

rice, peas, manico, pines and grapes.
The Crim Tartars make beer from millet seed and name it bouza. The same seed ching, ching? You just bet I anseed the country seed in Likkim, on the northern derstand that. Many is the time at a seed of the country sears in which bring tears do not come very often. Some firesides see ten or twenty years in which no one has cause for weeping. Many hundreds and thousands meet with no sorrow for a

sians prepare a beer from rye and call it quass. The Arabians, Abyssinians and many African tribes compound beer of tell and millet seed. The Tartars have mild beer made of mare's or camel's milk fermented. The Arabians use the milk to produce their lebau, and the Turks the youngt. In the Orkneys and some parts of Ireland buttermilk is permitted to stand until it ferments and is then drunk. The South Sea islanders make a beer—ava—from the intoxicating then drunk. The South Sea islanders make a beer—ava—from the intoxicating long pepper, and enjoy it greatly. Thus we see that beer, under many names and prepared in many ways, is well-nigh a universal beverage.—New York Times.

The First Man a Black Man.

The First Man a Black Man.

The constant place of life's atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverberations until it wound up in one appalling clap as a grand finale. Then, turning to the awe-struck youth, she said: "I suppose you have heard some thing like that before?"

"Yes, that's what the fellow with linen pants said when he sat down on the constant pie."

The First Man a Black Man.

> A Peculiar Fitness for His Work. Many Australian shepherds are convicts. A sheep farmer had ten, and he used to describe their peculiarities in an amusing manner. One was a clergyman. wander. Another was an English shep-herd. He could not adapt himself to the vagrant ways of colonial sheep. Another was a murderer. He drove the sheep note of persons, peculiarities, and dress. He had to estimate the value of his victims, and to obtain his object with the least disturbance to their sensibilities. He watched the sheep carefully, knew what each had in its pocket, and did his

A young lady moving in the most exalted social circles of Galveston, after much toil and practice at the piano, learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled "Picuic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague." The listener can readily distinguish the roar of the sheuts of soldiers and the grouns of the dying. In the "Picuic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous carols of the hirds are reproduced, the finale being a thunder-shower which disturbs the sylvan revellers. It happens that a country cousin is in town just now, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hoar his comment. He is a plain, simple-minded The Prophecy of the Greyhound. now, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear his comment. He is a plain, simple-minded youth, and although not very bright, is very appreciative. She told him what the piece was and then proceeded to give him the "Picnic Polka." The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea "How?" said the duke: "pray explain "How?" said the duke: "pray explain "How?" said the duke: "pray explain

sought to be conveyed being the solemn "How?" said the duke; "pray explain solitude of forest, through which the ft."

gentle zephyr (not heifer) sighs. After she got through with this preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in a ledge in some vast wilderness. He replied that he thought all shall be deposed; for the natural instinct that slewness meant the delay in getting of the dog shows it to him. Keep him, therefore, by your side, for he will now leave me and follow you."

The Duke of Lancaster treasured up what the king said, and paid attention to

the greyhound, who would never more follow Richard of Bordesux, but kept by

Man is said to be the only animal that esn cry, and yet he is not really a crying creature. He is a laughing and smiling

A Revengeful Camel. We find this Eastern story illustrating the camel's malignity and passion-

wooden saddle of the carnel outside and forwards over the cleak; the said carried was fromien a rage at seeing its master safe and ell that it died.

Davy Crockett in Camden, N. J. The venerable President Gill, of the National State Bank, tells this anecdote of the eccentric individual whose name eads this article. It is remembered of Col. Crockett that he was very skillful in the use of the rifle, and that he won much of his fame by the dexterous use of that firearm. About the year 1831 or 1832 the Colonel visited Camden for the purpose of giving an exhibition of his skill in rifle shooting to a few of his friends, as well as to astonish the natives by some crack shots. The ground selected for rifle practice was that near when the county Court House now stands, and in full view of the then Camden and Amboy railroad. During the progress of the shooting, the first locooffive on the road, with which the engineers were experimenting, passed along, and when the eight of it broke upon Col. Crockett's vision he irreverently exclaimed, "Hell in harness, and for a moment gazed in astonishm at the moving wonder. Wherever he appeared Cel. Crockett was lionized but he found it impossible to withstand the growing popularity of Gen. Jackson, and going to Texas he cast his fortunes with that State, in its contest against

"Mr. Henry !"

At a political meeting, the speakers and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on the stand, this man bawled out: for Mr. Henry !" After several interruptions of this kind

out at the top of his voice:
"Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry!
call for Mr. Henry to make a speech

Wild Pigeons' Nests.

you come to like the million others in the vicinity. When these migratory birds have mated, decided where to settle and staked off their claim, they pre-"Three sticks and a feather" constitut about the material, according to one au-thority. The feather is often wanting, but a few more sticks are generally add ed. The nest is placed in the crotch : a tree, on two forked branches, or and ferred, but when the nestings are large From half-a-dozen to fifty or sixty nestare built in a tree, and only one egg is

"My daughter is grievously

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Mexico, and was murdered by the Mexi-cans after he had surrendered with six servivors of the attack upon Fort Alamo .- West Jersey Press.

As an illustration of how the simple are used by politicians, the following scen-

"Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call at each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and was soon airing his cloquence in magnificent style, when the

The Chairman arose and remark that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from further calling for Mr. Henry, ac that gentleman was now speaking. "Is that Mr. Henry?" said the dis-Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little fellow that told me to holler!"

One nesting of wild pigeons is about the same as another, and the first nest

at Bowling Green, Ky., who escorted the preacher's fair daughter to church Sunday night and arrived late, to the reverend gentleman read from Bible as the couple marched up curs in an account of a New Tesmiracle. The congregation smit would be hard to tell which felt work the preacher, his daughter, or her escort. -Atlanta Constitution.